

Pretense

Knuckle Puck

I'll take it inward so no one sees
While you find slumber on tops of trees
And after all of this I still find it hard to breathe
I taught myself things you never did
You need a spine like I need new skin
But neither will ever happen

How dare you guilt me for not sticking around
As if you ever did for me?
I'll leave you in the dark with a broken flashlight
You left me with a choice and a pretense

I will not follow in your footsteps
I'll find a face to call my own
Because the mask you wear is all I've ever known

Consider this a repercussion of the actions which you were never properly punished for due to an overbearing demeanor brought on by your own self-awareness.
Your credibility is a half-empty glass of salt water that I watched you spill over and over and over again. Go ahead, make me the bad guy

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So I'll take what strength I have left, if you could call it that
And I'll give you time to reflect
Then you can call me back
(Then you can call me back)

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